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Harcourt Shrine.



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CONGRATULATORY ODE.

A SOUND of triumph in the summer air,

A song of welcome to a Lady fair !

Two well-loved names ring through our time-worn halls,

And fling sweet echoes on the old gray walls :

O happy Prince, who such a bride hast won !

O happy Princess, bride of England's Son !

It needs not for your honour that we raise

Our shouts of greeting and our songs of praise ;

Yet take the well-meant gift, the welcome true,

The tithe of that great love we bear to you :

The day-long joy of these too fleeting hours,

And think with kindness of our town of towers.

O happy Prince, who such a bride hast won !

O happy Princess, bride of England's Son !

Men sing that Queens in robes of broidered gold
Would watch the fight roll up the lists of old ;
Their knights fought roundly for a simple prize—
A look of kindness in a lady's eyes :
The world has changed—no more in mimic strife
We play at fighting in the war of life—
No more in steel we ride the listed fields—
No more the spears smite on the burnished shields.
But that old fervour lingers in our lives,—
The fire of honour, and the heart that strives,
And Alexandra's knights, a loyal band,
Shall ride the Quest of Honour through the land.

O happy Prince, who such a bride hast won !

O happy Princess, bride of England's Son !

Son of that sire whom England calls the Good !
Son of the Crown of English womanhood !
Prince ! when your youth fulfils the promised prime,
Forget not in the calm wise after-time,
The tokens of our joy, these faces bright,
Deep thundered cheers, and earnest-eyed delight ;
The crowd which cries, " God bless you on your way !"
And welcome to old Oxford's holiday.

So welcome home, where once you bode so long,
At Learning's seat amidst an earnest throng.
Strange lands and sister homes of wisdom since,
Have paid their greeting to the Student-Prince :
But no new home can kindlier welcome pay
Than Oxford—first and dearest—gives to-day.

O hail, happy Princess, bride of England's Son !
And hail, thrice happy Prince, who such a bride
hast won !

CONGRATULATORY ODE.

“ Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent !”

HOR. *Carm.* IV. v. 6.

THEY told us all our chivalry had fled,
A hard age ours and cold,
Wherein the fervour of the heart was dead,
And beauty less than gold.

O idly babbling what ye little knew,
Cease ! for ye have but dreamed.
Still are our hearts to loyal impulse true—
We were not that we seemed.

Cease, cease yôur scorn !

Heard ye not the shout joy-born ?
Shout of an empire wide as the world,
Shouted wherever our flag unfurled,
Rising aloft to the startled sky,
From a thousand seas where the traders ply,

A nation's voice,
On the land and the sea,
Bidding toil's hard sons rejoice,
Let the looms be stilled and the fields untilled

For the city's festive glee—
And the sun-browned delver far away
Sought not the golden ore that day,
Yielding his soul to mirth and play,
On England's jubilee !

Whence was the cry ?—

Told it of fierce delight,
The grim old Northern love of the fight,
That shouteth its pride on high,
When a people hath listened, and held their breath,
How sternly their squadrons have rushed to death,
Or thrilled with a wild amaze to the tale of an Alma's
height ?

Not hence it rose
O'er angry foes,
But love was binding peaceful nations here—
Here was nought of pain nor sorrow,
No faint fear of gloomy morrow,
Nor any lone-left mother's tear—
Told not that day
Of hostile fray
With its rolling cheers and its chiming towers,
But it told of love for a fair young face,
For a maiden, come from a kindred race
To be ours !

O happy bridals, thus a people's care !
O people, happy in such princely pair !
O happy Albert, at thy side
So fair a bride !
So fair a bride, with those sweet, trustful eyes,
So fair, so good—a royal prize !
The gem of all the isle !—
Who can see her and not love her ?—
Brighter seems the sky above her,
Less gloomy these old halls, illumined with her smile !

O bliss without alloy !—

For surely now we must away with grief,

Though he, our prince, our leader, be withdrawn,

Nor wear our hearts with weeping : life is brief :

Shade yields to sunlight : let us yield to joy :

Now hath dim sorrow waned for Hymen's rosy dawn.

So let us raise the strain,

With louder greetings and more loud again—

Welcomes, in our loyal duty,

Welcomes, for her tender beauty—

Greet her, bells within our towers,

Speak the fervour of the nation,

Pealing jubilant acclamation—

Rend the air with wild pulsation—

She is ours !

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